Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.
Strange are the things they say,
These strangers who, day after day,
Talk in our market place; their words are wild,
Yet mild
Their eyes, as those of men by dreams beguiled.

Sometimes my father stays to hear them there,
Holding me by the hand;—
I wonder why they care
So much to make us understand
About the God they worship as their own,
Whose face is graven on no precious stone,
Whose image never cut from any metal rare,
Who lives unseen, alone?
Surely that land
They came from must seem very cold and bare
Without these gracious forms my youth has known,
So many and so fair.

My father fashions very skillfully
Shrines of pure silver for the votaries
Of her who is the purest of all these,
And there her image stands;
But I can see
Her footprints any time beneath the trees,
Or in the stream’s soft sands,
And often in the early morn
Her horn
Wakes the light echo that awakens me.—
These strangers tell
Of One who is too great to dwell
In any temple made with human hands;
And so is she
Too free.
I think I shall be glad when they
Have gone away
And I can quite forget their eyes,
That are so sad and deep
And seem to keep
Some secret of a world grown still and gray;—
Where the far music dies
That called so clear;
Where she may never come again so near
As she has come before,
Nor hang her shining symbol any more
Low in the western skies.

THE IDOL

EDWARD H. PFEIFFER

There was a temple in the golden east,
and when the toilsome web of day was spun,
men turned unto their idol, one by one,
and worshipped him with incense and with priest.
Once, in a twilight, when they turned to pray,
they found no idol on the altar-stone,
but still the incense burned, the priest alone
still prayed amid wild hearts and dumb dismay.
O love, although I cannot see thee now,
I worship still at thy deserted shrine.
Love’s incense burns and still love’s priest is heard.
I wait: Perhaps thy hand will make a sign.
I wait: Perhaps thy breath will kiss my brow.
I wait: Perhaps thy heart will speak a word.